k Marine (H.)
& Masonic Lodge

THE ACCESS

Or

Permitted Approach

Of A

COURT PENITENT

To The

DIVINE ASTREA

By H. W. Gent.

Printed 1703.

THE

ACCESS

or

Termined Approach

BRITISH MUSEUM

COURT PENITENT

DIVINE ASTREA

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Printed 1703.

TO THE

HONOURED

MR FRANCIS WILLIAMS

SIR.

THat I may get Access to your just Merit my humble Muse doth dedicate her self to your Complacency in this Adress; For where Humillity and Candour sits enthron'd, there good Fortune seems to smile and Countenance my Approach:

Sub-

Submitting therefore to the dignity of your Character, and Considerate disposition; I will not too presumptively lay claim to your forgiveneſs; But leave that Entirely to your Generoſity, not doubting but your Juſtice will become my Advocate And plead his Cauſe, who is

Your

Devoted Servant

Henry Waring

THE ACCESS

IF in this *World* where dangers daily spring
And Inconveniency *fresh Sorrows* bring
Where *Trouble* upward as the Spark's arise
And no *contentment*, to attend the wise!

then

Where *men's* excess, as many *Liquids* need;

As there are *Sects*, or Letters in the *Creed*;

Where humane *errours*, seldom are redress'd,

And Longest *Folleys*, are Esteemed best;

'Tis Time that reason, *should* its sense *express*

Against those *Vices*, which would *truth* depress,

And make tho: *Late*, Towards Virtue her *Access*.

Deluding *Earth*, which hath so long amus'd,

And with *false shapes* my dreaming Soule abus'd:

Tyranick *World*, where simple Mortalls buy,

With *Life* and *hazard*, Splendid *Slavery*;

Hence

Hence forth adieu; my goodly ſtock of years,
Laid out for that, I now lament with Tears.

Monarchs, who with amazing Splendor *glare*,
And *favourites*, who their reflections are;
Both ſhine, 'tis true, but 'tis like glaſs they do;
Brittle as that, and made of *Aſhes* too:
The hour is ſet wherein they muſt diſown
The *Royall Pomp*, the Treaſure and the Throne,
The dazling Luſtre of *Majeſtick* State,
Shall be extinguiſh'd by the *hand* of fate;
Highneſs muſt ſtoop into the hollow *Grave*,

And keep *ſad Court* in a cold dampiſh *Cave*.

Beauty and jovial *Youth*, decays apace;

Age ſtill, and *Sickneſs*, oft doth both deface.

The *great*, and *Rich*, whom all adore and fear,

Whoſe ſtrength doth ſo unſhakable appear,

Is but a *Tower* built on flitting Sands,

No longer then the *Tempeſt* Sleepeth ſtands;

Nor can the *Calms* of *Fortune* long inſure;

Or *Darling* Riches, crazie Man ſecure:

We Moulder of our ſelves, and ſoon, or late.

We muſt *reſign* beloved Life to fate.

From

From ſtately Palaces they muſt remove,

The Narrow Lodging of a *Grave* to prove:

Leave the fair *Train* and the light guilded *Room*,

To lye alone benighted in a *Tomb*.

GOD onely is Immortall: man not ſo;

Life to be paid, upon demand we owe.

The ridged *Laws* of *Fate* with none diſpence,

From the leaſt beggar, to the greateſt Prince;

The crooked *ſythe* which no *diſtinction* knows,

Monarchs, and *Slaves* indifferently mows.

One day wee'd pitty thoſe we now Admire,

When after all the Glory they acquire;

And

And all the Famous Conquests they have made,

Fierce *Death* their *Lawrels* in the *Duſt* hath layd;

Thoſe heads and hands, which ſtates and Princes ſteer

Who *rule* in *peace* and *Conquer* in the *war*,

Shall by a ſad and certain change of *ſtate*,

Be doom'd a *prize* to death, and ridgid fate:

Then be no more; their very Name will dye

To *fame*, unleſs preſerv'd to *Hiſtory*:

'Tis *Heav'ns* great KING alone whom Angels ſerves

Who our whole *hearts*, whole *care*, whole *love* deſerves;

To HIM all's due, ther's nought at our command,

But muſt be paid at his *Divine* demand:

To

To HIM the *Christian* ought to make his Court,
His *Love* the onely Matter of Import;
Not, but that *Honnour* must to *Kings* be paid,
Being by *Heav'n* Heav'ns *Vicegerents* made:
To *such* we dedicate our Hearts and Hands,
With due Submission to their *just* commands;
And their *unjust* ones, tho we cannot do,
We must the Mulct, with patience undergo;
'Tis *Sacriledge* (in any case) to pry
Into the *God-like* power of Majestie,
And meer *Typheon* Insolence to strive,
Law to a *King* with Lawless Arms to give;

But all good *Subjects*, should adore the *hand*

By which Kings and the Crowns they were, do stand;

And while the Earths great Masters we revere

Pay *homage* also to the *Thunderer*;

To GOD, who *Kings* obey; whose bounty gave

Their *Scepters*, *Crowns*, and all the *goods* they have;

To GOD whose *sun* beams guildeth Humane state,

And Glory gives to each *Majestick* fate;

With whose unknown, but to HIM, safe skill,

Manages powers and Princes as HE will.

Now for to get in favour with this *Prince*,

There needs no more, but simple innocence;

No Honnour at his court is bought with Gold;
But for cheap *Love* are all *Preferments* sold:
With a good stock of *Love* one there may climb,
To a *great Fortune* in a little Time.
Nor is it hard methinks to *Love* a GOD,
Who is himself, so *Loving*, and so *good*.
In other Courts a Man doth loose himself,
Oft for a little, and drudg'd for pelf;
In Business bearing an uncertain fate
Made void (sometimes) by envy, or by hate,
Rendring *possession* of too short a date:
For as a *Dropsie* makes the body grow,

At

(At the ſame time that it brings *Nature* low)

O're-whelm'd with Water, or choak'd up with wind,

So *Wealth* (at once) ſwells up, and ſtarves the mind;

But GOD, the *Souls* Capacity doth fill;

His bounty over-flows Mans Boundleſs will;

And ſince the Earth cannot our Nature bleſs,

And the great-world's too little for the leſs,

His Boundleſs ſelf he gives us, is ſo good

(As *Romans* hold) the *Sacramentall* food.

To Regale us, with's *Body* and His *Blood.*

With Heav'nly *Manna* Angels Taſtfull meat,

The ſame he gave His loving *Twelve* to Eat;

Him-

HIMSELF the *Treator*, and Himſelf the Treat.

Come then and Crow'd into this *Royall* Court
And to the ſource of goodneſs all reſort,
Love HIM, whoſe goodneſs words cannot expreſs;
And whoſe all flowing *bounty* is no leſs;
Lift up your Reaſon then, and have a care,
No fooliſh worldly *Baubles* enter there;
With ſnch precaution you'll acquire his Grace,
And purchaſe, in his Holy Court a place,
VVhere you will bleſs the day you firſt a woke,
The happy *Time* in which your ſlumber broke:
Crouds of all Bleſſings will your *Heart* invade,

And

And your freſh blooming joys will never fade.

No more the ſtorms of *Fortune* you will fear,

That cauſe ſo many *wreks*, and *wretches* here,

VVhere (in a Moment) all the *Cargo's* loſt,

VVhich your whole *ſtock* of Anctious care has coſt:

One day [with GOD] affords you more content,

Than twenty Lives, in *Courts* of *Princes* ſpent.

An angry word, a ſlight, a gloomy frown,

Will be enough to caſt a *Courtier* down;

If he would *beg* a *favour* of his *King*.

Let his *requeſt* be ne'er ſo mean a *thing*,

A *hundred* journeys he muſt undertake;

His

His *Suit*, to this and that great *Courtier* make;

Thouſands of *Legs*, and *Cringes* it will coſt;

And after all, perhaps, his *Labour* loſt:

But with GOD's *Votaries* it is not ſo:

We cannot ask ſo faſt, as he'll beſtow;

His EAR is ſtill, to hear our *ſuits*, inclin'd,

And to each *Suiter* daily proveth kind.

HE often hears, before we are aware,

And our leaſt wants by HIM conſider'd are;

The ſmalleſt Hair, fall's not beſide his care;

On HIM we cannot our good *Thoughts* diſplace,

Unleſs we madly throw away HIS *Grace*;

On

Only to him our Hearts ſhould yield the ſway,

And not, by *falſe* obedience Heav'n betray;

For *firſt* GOD doth what he would have us do;

Love, with a *Love*, beyond example *True*:

His *Charming* LAW, is *Love*, his Yoke is ſweet,

Both for the King, and pooreſt beggar, meet,

Eaſie and light, alike to great and ſmall,

And the ſame Hire propoſed to them all,

Of *great Men*, he to *him* is great alone,

Who to himſelf becomes a *little one*:

The onely *Greatneſs* which poor Man can have,

Is to become his *Great Redeemer*'s ſlave;

That

That King, that doth not Heav'ns just King obey,
A Traytor is himself to *Majestie*.
The simple *Shepherd*, who with chast *desire*,
And cheerfull *Innosence* to Heav'n aspires;
The honest painfull *Labourer*, who sweats,
From morn to night, to get the Bread he eats;
If he serves Heav'n, is indeed more great,
Than Kings, with all their pride, and Purple state.
Thrice brave those Monarchs, who have dar'd to fly,
From all the Alluring *Charms* of Majesty;
Like *Carlos Quintus* worldly pomp forsake,
Unarm'd alone, the *Heav'n* of Heav'ns t'attack,

A *Holy War* with *Hosts* of pleasures wage;
And tho' the *Flesh* did for the foe Ingage,
Triumph'd o're *Forreign* and *domestick* rage.
Thrice *blest* are those, who *fled* from being great,
From *Courts*, to safer Cottages retreat:
Heav'n kindly doth their humble thoughts defeat;
For *greatness*, while they strive to shun, they meet;
They are made great, and more Glorious Kings,
By being just, than by all earthly things;
Ah! how we *win*, in *Loosing* for our GOD,
While *Heav'n* is gain'd for a poor sorry Clod
Of earth, when for a short *Grief* here endur'd,

VVe are of *everlasting joys* assur'd;
Since for one pleasure, we refuse our sence,
VVe shall have *Millions* for our recompence.
Poor abus'd men, unlucky *flock*, that stray
VVithout the *Shepherd*, void of the right way;
Unthinking *Things*, that perish with delight,
which all the *Threats* of Heav'n cannot affright;
For sure those *Pains*, which doth on sin attend,
Pain which begins, but never must have end;
The immateriall *Fire* that burneth still;
But to their great misfortune cannot kill:
The *Devils*, *Dungeons*, all sorts of *Pain*,
which

VVhich *Humane* fortitude cannot sustain,
Might (one would think) Mans Brutish courage shake,
And in our *Souls* a Noble fear awake:
But if the *Racks* of *Hell*, can't sin subdue,
Suffer the *Lord* of *Hosts* to *Conquer* you;
Oppose *Him* not unwisely, but Imbrace
The Favourable offers of His Grace:
Restore *Him* to the Kingdom of your *Hearts*,
Lost without *Mercy*, by the Devils Arts:
The old *Usurper's* Lawless power disown;
Depose the *Hellish Tyrant* from the *Throne*,
And let *King* JESUS Reign in it alone.
His Law is much more easy to observe,

Than

Than thoſe o'th' world which we Gladly ſerve;

It neither hurts the *Body*, nor the *mind*;

But is indeed to one, and t'other kind:

A check ſometimes it may afford to *ſenſe*;

But is, at length, its own benevolence.

O *Divine Law*! o, eaſie *Law* of *Love*!

Let me obſerve thee, and thy wages prove,

But then i'th' world, a hundred Laws there be

Void of all *ſenſe*, but full of Tyrany;

where *foppiſh* form, our Liberty reſtrains,

And Cripples us with falſe fantaſtick Chains.

You muſt pretend to Love whom you deteſt;

Faun on the *great one*, when by him oppreſt;

with

With Sneering Praise, Guild o're his blackest crimes;
And all those *Humours* which debauch the Times;
Mask your *displeasure*, with a smiling *Face*,
And swear you'r highly pleas'd with your disgrace;
Triumph in show, when you are over-thrown,
And all your discontents, and *Griefs* disown;
Cutting off quite (with base uneasie art)
The Honest Commerce, of the *Mouth* the *Heart*,
O, shamefull *slavery* of poor Mankind;
Unworthy of a Man, or Christian mind;
Instead of CHRIST, whom allways we should own,
False Tyranny, and *Passion* we enthrone;
Cringing to those that from all *Virtue* Run,

To

To ſerve a Thouſand Maſters in their turn.

The Crowded throngs, of Vice could never ſhow
Such Pleaſure, which true virtue doth beſtow:
From *Innoſence*, a Native Joy accrews;
But wracking ſorrow, allwayes guilt purſues,
The *Ill Man's* never quiet, nor *content*;
The *good* is full of *chear*, tho *penitent*:
His inward *Calm* upon his Brow appears,
And *Halcion* like, no bluſt'ring *Storms* he fears.
Him, all the *Turns* of *Fate's* prepar'd to find,
Meets *Frowns*, and *Favours*, with an equal mind.
If *Sickneſs* warns him of approaching death;
Or *Fortune* Robs him of his worldly wealth,

It cannot his unshaken Courage move;
Who, above Earth, hath plac'd in Heav'n his Love;
His Health, his Riches, and his Sole delight,
Is here to serve his GOD withall his might;
And that great Master faithfully to Trace,
Whose death was *Trymph*, pleasure a disgrace:
He Lov'd the *Cross*; O *Cross*! O happy *Wood*!
That once was manur'd with our *Saviours* Blood;
And *moist'ned* with his *Tears*, with *Tears* of *Grief*,
Whilst *he* that *shed* them, *dy'd* for our *Relief*;
whose all revenging *Death* [by th'*Cross*] did quell,
The Usurped force of *Sin* and *power* of Hell;
The *Stigians* Monsters *power*, and set free

Renowned *Heroes* from *Captivity*:

Whoſe *Love*, I find, to ſuch excеſs amounts,

My *Gratitude* is loſt in the account.

When *Puniſhment* was to my Actions due,

Amazing *Favours* my *miſdeeds* enſue,

Inſtead of being, by your Juſtice, thruſt,

With ſudden *Thunder*, into Native duſt.

while with my works, I earn'd the Fire of Hell,

And *S*atan *Tryumph'd* o're my wreched will:

Inſtead of Loving YOU, the onely Good:

I made each empty vanity, my God;

What diſmall Blindneſs did poſſeſs my mind,

For ſilly ſhort Liv'd *Toys*, to have reſign'd

A blest *Eternity*; and you dear *Lord*,
Who can a real Heav'nly Good afford!
EYES, on my Cheeks, let Trickling Tears run down,
Your *Guilty Selves*, in your own waters Drown.
False Guides, that led me to the Hunters Snare,
when by my self, left wholly to your Care;
Poor and Ambitious, fond deluded sight,
Thus on the sorry *Creature* to delight;
Your *Fellow slave*, a bit of *Earth*, a *Dream*,
E'en a poor wreched *Nothing* to Esteem;
For what avails a *Mitre* or a *Crown*,
Or all that here a Man can call his own.
Those whom our fauning *Flatterers*, call great;

Whom

Whom baſer *Mankind* proſtrate at their Feet,
In the Devine, Eternall *Glaſs* appear,
As little, as the meaneſt *Mortall* here.
when th, eye in ſorrow ſets, and Life's *Fire*,
with the *Ice* of *Death*, in Darkneſs doth expire
What Matters, Gold by ſome men ſo ador'd?
What *Pleaſure* will a ſtarry *Crown* affor'd?
This Garb ill fits, a pale and Lifeles *Head*;
And that bright *Mettle* ſhines not to the dead;
Corruption then *will* not forbear its prey,
For fear of *dead* and *helpleſs Majeſty*;
Nor *will* that *Luſtre* which amaz'd poor Man,
Dazell the *Legions* of bold *Vermin* then:

Alas

Alas! ther's no diſtinction in the Grave
Between the greateſt *King*, and meaneſt *Slave*:
All Fleſh is there nnto one *Change* deſtin'd,
And leaves all *worldly Goods* and *Fame* behind.
But different *Fates*, the Righteous *Souls* attend,
From theirs that here doth make a wicked End.
Thoſe of the *Good*, to Heav'ns great King repair,
The unknown Pleaſures of his *Court* to ſhare,
In Peace, and *Glorious Tryumph* to enjoy,
The *Fruit* of their laborious *Victory*,
But thoſe who Lodg'd in Body's did defy,
With unrepented *Crimes* the *Deity*,
Condem'd to *Chains* and hopeleſs of Relief;

Dye

Dye to all *Bliſs*, but ever live to *Grief*;

It is a dolefull Scene, to ſee baſe Man,

Provoke his patient MAKER, all he can;

Shun happineſs, ſo eaſie to be won,

And take a world of Pains to be undon:

Even employ his whole Life long, to Buy,

A Wreched Right, to endleſs miſery:

Thus he, who Studies to indulge his Earth,

And quite neglects the meaning of his Birth;

Into the Gapeing jaws of Satan Runs,

And the inviting Arms of JESUS ſhuns:

Thoſe *Arms*, that ſtand ſtill open to receive,

All weary Prodigalls, that Sin doth leave;

Arms

Arms full of *Love*, and *Pity* which display,

Ev'n to foes, and Traytors *Sanctuary*;

For those, he left his *Father's* bright Abode,

Made *Son* of Man, to make Man Son of GOD.

To *Cure* their *Wounds*, he Lifes *Elixir* bled,

And *dy'd a Death*, to *Raise* them from the dead.

Dear JESUS, who with such a Charming Art,

Hath soften'd and reduc'd Mans sinfull Heart;

From worldly Vice, her *Votary* set free,

And from the *World* deliver'd sinfull me:

For such your Favours, shew me but the way,

Good Lord, my due Acknowledgment to pay,

The sharpest Pain for thee shall easie be

And nought shall hinder my ACCESS to thee

FINIS.